

Finding a Mate

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Finding a Mate

by [KagomeBenihime](#)

Chapter 1

"Please, Will?" Beverly begged, her eyes trying their best to look like a hurt puppy when all Will saw was a scheming cat, "I'll owe you!"

"Like you owe me for the time I covered for you with the team so you could go speed dating?" Will asked, "Or like you owe me for fixing your car engine? Or watching your goldfish while you were on that cruise? Or-"

"I'll owe you even **more!**" Beverly cried, cutting him off.

"It would really help us, Will." Alana said softly.

"Don't see how..." Will grumbled.

There was a Mating Ball tonight, omegas would go to meet prospective alphas and mingle, and, though no one outright said it, maybe meet the prince.

Hannibal Lecter, prince of the realm, was a well known alpha, but he had yet to mate, many omegas dreamed of catching his eye and becoming his mate.

"Designated driver." Beverly said, Alana elbowed her, frowning.

"What Beverly means is... we're just two omegas, if we have someone with us, it'll keep the less desirables away."

Will stared at them, "What alpha with more than a brain cell would be detoured by me?" Will himself was a beta, and perfectly content to be so, thank you very much, he honestly didn't need the drama.

The ruts for alphas, the heats for omegas, it all sounded like more trouble than it was worth. Besides, most alphas he met were dicks... and omegas were always females. Well, almost always, there were some male omegas, just like there were some females who were alphas. But male omegas were especially rare these days, any that were found were treasured and protected, pampered even... gilded cages, if you asked Will...

"You could bring your gun." Beverly said, dodging another elbow from Alana, "no one would try anything if you had your gun and badge."

Will turned, moving to the table where his gun and badge lay.

"Oh, Will, don't-" Alana started pleadingly, but Will only picked up his wallet and turned back to them.

"Fine..." he said, "but if you get too drunk, I'm leaving your ass. Got-"

Will didn't get to finish his threat because he was suddenly flanked by the two women and they were dragging him into the bathroom.

After much grumbling, grumping and protests, Will's hair was washed, fluffed, and styled, his beard trimmed, and his closet thoroughly searched.

Beverly emerged from the depths with a fairly nice slacks and blazer set he had worn to his cousins wedding a year and a half ago. After they had forced him into it, both women produced lint rollers and went to work.

Finally, Will was, in their words, "presentable" and he was ushered into the car.

Will stood against the wall in the large ballroom, staring into his wine glass moodily.

He had been abandoned almost as soon as they arrived, both girls saying that they would find him if they needed him.

Will felt played... Now he stood there, at a party he had no reason to be in, wishing he was home with his dogs, a glass of whiskey and a book. He was mostly ignored, other than the occasional scenting from people around him, all of which lost interest when realizing he was a beta.

After the fourth glare from a dark skinned alpha that had scented him earlier, Will decided he'd had enough. He put his empty glass on a passing tray and moved for a back door, slipping out into the moonlit gardens.

Will took a deep breath, the smell of the flowers around him helping him relax, he never enjoyed large groups, and the gardens were blissfully empty.

He spent some time just enjoying the quiet moonlight, he always preferred nature to people anyways, but after a while, he realized he wasn't alone. He turned, looking around for the eyes he felt on him. After a moment, a man stepped into view on the path next to a red hydrangea bush.

"Hello there," the man said gently, smiling at Will, "may I join you?"

Will's eyes widened slightly, he was very handsome, Will had to admit, his sandy brown hair and strong cheekbones... and those eyes...

"S-sure..." Will said softly, shrugging one shoulder, "it's not like it's my garden... I'm honestly just avoiding the people inside..."

The man chuckled softly, "I am as well." He moved to a stone bench nearby.

Will managed a slight smile, this man didn't seem as bad as other alphas Will had met, he wasn't angry and gruff like Jack, Will's boss, or a complete asshole like Matthew, Will's ex.

Will shook his head slightly, *why does it feel so...*

"Are you alright?" The man asked, looking at Will in what could be concern.

"I-I'm fine..." Will said, much softer than he'd intended, "just... feel a little dizzy."

"Perhaps you should sit down," the man said, gesturing to the bench beside him.

Will nodded slightly and moved to take a step forward only to find himself falling backward.

When Will opened his eyes, he found himself laying on the ground, at least, his legs were. There was a strong arm around his shoulders, holding him close to a broad chest. He looked up, seeing the alpha he had been talking to, the man was kneeling and holding Will in his arms, keeping his head from hitting the path. How had the alpha gotten there so quickly and caught him?

"Can you hear me?" The man asked, probably not for the first time.

Will nodded sluggishly, "Y-yes..." he managed softly, he felt... strange... so hot and yet... he was shivering, it felt like pins and needles covered his skin, like he had been dunked in ice water or came out of a sauna into a cold room...

The man called out a name, Will wasn't entirely sure what it was, but hurried footsteps answered the call and Will struggled to focus.

"-I need some water, and call for Donald at once."

"Yes, sir!"

The footsteps retreated again and the man looked back to Will.

"Can you tell me your name?" He asked softly.

"W-Will... Will Graham..." Will said weakly.

"Alright, Will, did you come to this ball alone?"

Will shook his head, "My friends... dragged me..."

The chest Will was pressed against rumbled with a soft chuckle. "Alright, who are your friends?"

"A-Alana Bloom and Beverly... Katz..." Will said, his throat starting to feel like it was full of hot sand.

The man nodded, "Alright, try to rest a moment, alright? You'll be safe."

Will blinked sluggishly, *why wouldn't I be safe? I'm nothing special...*

After another minute or two, Will heard more footsteps, multiple people this time.

Then a glass was pressed to Will's lips, "Here, Will, drink this." The man said gently.

Will was already gulping at the cool water, sighing in relief when his throat was soothed.

The man shifted Will then and he groaned softly.

The mans hands seemed to tighten around him slightly before they relaxed again, "It's alright," he said softly, "Donald is a doctor, we just want to make sure you're alright."

Will nodded slightly, it wasn't like he could really move to prevent it, his body had gone a strangely uncomfortable numb and he couldn't move much at all. *Was there something in that wine?*

Some gentle, if rather cold, hands touched him then, checking his pulse and feeling his forehead, lifting his drooping eyelid to check his eyes, "It seems like this young man is presenting," another voice, Will guessed the doctor, said, the words sent a chill down Will's spine, making his shivers worse, "I would say... he'll soon be in heat."

What? No... I'm a beta... I'm a beta...

"Anthony," the man said, still holding Will gently, "he came here with two friends, Alana Bloom and Beverly Katz, find them and explain."

Footsteps retreated again and the man spoke to the doctor, "Is there a way to prevent it? Or postpone?"

"Well..." the doctor said, "I could make something that would keep it at bay for... perhaps a week or two, but-"

"Do so." The man said.

"Of course, your highness." The doctor said.

Will froze, *did he say-* the doctor left and it was just the man and Will again.

"You're the... prince..." Will managed, looking up at the man.

Hannibal smiled gently at him, "Yes, I am, and I've been looking for you for a long time..."

Chapter 2

Hannibal sighed softly as he slipped into the gardens, he hated these balls, always these dolled up omegas doused in perfumes and makeup falling over each other and batting their eyelashes at him.

"You mustn't blame them." His mother had said, when he had complained about it before, "You are quite the catch and they all want to impress you."

Hannibal didn't want to be 'Impressed' like that... he had grown up on the stories of true mates and destined ones, that's all he wanted.

Hannibal's thoughts were interrupted and he stopped on the path, through the bushes, he saw a man, his skin turned alabaster in the moonlight, come out of the ball as well, the man took a deep breath and sighed rather heavily, seeming as grateful to be out of there as Hannibal was. The man had dark curls and a slight stubble of a beard, along with a figure that belonged on a statue plinth somewhere.

Hannibal watched quietly as the man moved among the flowers slowly before he suddenly stopped, bending down, the man began to break a branch off a large bush.

Hannibal was about to call out and stop him, when he saw a flash of color made him stop.

As soon as the branch was removed, a small patch of Evening Rain Lilies, finally getting the moonlight they needed, began to unfurl their soft white petals.

The man smiled and Hannibal's chest throbbed, he took an involuntary step forward before stopping again, but, though silent, it was enough.

The man turned, large blue eyes scanning the area, looking for him.

Hannibal moved forward, "Hello there, mind if I join you?"

"S-sure..." the man said softly, raising and lowering one shoulder, "it's not like it's my garden... I'm honestly just avoiding the people inside..."

Hannibal found himself chuckling at the man's simple honesty, most seemed to prefer beating around the bush near Hannibal, "I am as well." He said moving to a stone bench nearby and sitting, this garden was one of Hannibal's safe spaces, it always made him feel calm.

The man nodded, seeming lost in thought for a moment, his cheeks darkening slightly in the moonlight as his face flushed.

"Are you alright?" Hannibal asked, worried, this man seemed like good company, he would hate to lose the chance to speak with him.

"I-I'm fine..." the man said, though he swayed slightly on his feet when he shook his head, "Just... feel a little dizzy."

"Perhaps you should sit down," Hannibal said, gesturing to the bench.

The man nodded, stepping forward slightly before he swayed and fell back.

Hannibal moved faster than he thought he could, catching the man before he could crack his head on the path. The man's body was slimmer under the jacket than Hannibal expected, and burning hot.

Then, Hannibal registered the scent in the air.

"Hey, are you alright?" He asked, the man's eyes fluttered open but they seemed glassy "Can you hear me?" He repeated the question again before the man nodded slightly.

"Y-yes..." the man was shivering now, he was fever flushed and almost hot to the touch, but still he shivered as if buried to his chest in ice.

"Dimmond!" Hannibal called, knowing his manservant was always close.

The man hurried forward, bowing, "Sire?" He said softly.

"This man has collapsed, he has a fever, I need some water, and call for Donald at once."

"Yes, sir!" Dimmond said quickly, and hurried away.

Hannibal looked back to those blue eyes as if drawn by a magnet, "Can you tell me your name?" He asked softly.

"W-Will... Will Graham..." the man replied weakly.

"Alright, Will, did you come to this ball alone?" Hannibal asked, wondering if Will had any alphas he would have to contend with.

Will shook his head, "My friends... dragged me..."

Hannibal let out a soft chuckle, Will seemed rather grumpy about that fact. "Alright, who are your friends?"

"A-Alana Bloom and Beverly... Katz..." Will said, his voice rasping slightly.

Hannibal nodded, "Alright, try to rest a moment, alright? You'll be safe."

Will blinked sluggishly, "Why wouldn't I be safe?" He mumbled, almost as if he were voicing his thoughts without realizing, "I'm nothing special..."

Oh, dear Will, how wrong you are...

After another minute or two, Anthony Dimmond returned with Doctor Donald Sutcliffe and a large glass of water.

Hannibal took the glass with a nod and held it up to Will's lips, "Here, Will, drink this." He said gently, even as Will gulped eagerly at the water.

Hannibal shifted Will so that Doctor Sutcliffe could examine him more easily and Will whined at the movement. Hannibal tightened his hold, fighting the urge to pull Will to him and not let anyone close, "It's alright," he said softly, as much for himself as for Will, "Donald is a doctor, we just want to make sure you're alright."

Will nodded slightly, and Donald began, pressing his fingers to Will's wrist, checking his forehead, and lifting an eyelid to check his eyes.

Pulling back, Donald sighed, "It seems like this young man is presenting,"

Will made a strange choked noise as Donald continued, "I would say... he'll soon be in heat."

"What?" Will mumbled again, "No... I'm a beta... I'm a beta..."

"Anthony," Hannibal said, not letting Will go, "he came here with two friends, Alana Bloom and Beverly Katz, find them and explain."

Dimmond nodded and hurried inside again, Hannibal turned to Donald again "Is there a way to prevent it? Or postpone?" He knew that he wouldn't have as much time as he'd like, but any would be better than them being suddenly thrown together.

"Well..." Donald said, scratching his chin slightly, "I could make something that would keep it at bay for... perhaps a week or two, but-"

"Do so." Hannibal said.

"Of course, your highness." Donald said with a bow and left.

"You're the... prince..." Will managed, looking up at Hannibal bleary-eyed.

Hannibal smiled gently at him, "Yes, I am, and I've been looking for you for a long time..."

Will's eyes drifted closed as his body stole what energy he had remaining to finish Will's presenting.

Hannibal bent, pressing a gentle kiss to Will's forehead, "My True Mate." He murmured softly.

A minute later, rushing footsteps announced the arrival of two women, Dimmond bringing up the rear and looking flustered.

"Will! Oh my god!" The shorter of the two gasped, hands to her mouth.

The taller glared at Hannibal as if it were his fault, ~~which it kind of was, not that he'd say that~~ "What did you do to him?!"

Hannibal looked at Dimmond, "You didn't explain?"

Dimmond sighed, "I tried, but as soon as they heard it was their friend, they rushed out here before I could."

Hannibal nodded, "Alright..." he gathered his thoughts, trying to figure out how to put this delicately, "Your friend had a reaction to my scent, he has presented as an omega, he isn't hurt, but it has drained his energy."

Both women stared at him as if he had stated that the sky was bright green.

"Presenting... as an omega?" The shorter one said, eyes wide as she looked at Will, Hannibal sensed a fondness there, she had liked Will... perhaps had wanted a relationship... omegas had been known to mate with betas on occasion...

From the taller woman however, Hannibal only sensed familial love, like a protective sister to her brother. "Will he be alright?" She asked.

Hannibal nodded, "I wish for him to stay here through the night at least, so that the doctor can observe his status, just in case."

The women, surprisingly, agreed.

"Just as long as you promise he'll be alright." The taller said, still giving Hannibal a hard stare.

"On my honor as crown prince." Hannibal said, nodding.

The smaller woman's eyes widened and she dropped into a curtsy. The taller one didn't react, just nodded slightly, she had known who he was and still was willing to stare him down for her friend. Hannibal admired her tenacity.

"I'll look after Will's dogs," the taller said, pulling out a business card from her bag and putting it in Hannibal's breast pocket, "You'll call me with updates." It wasn't a request.

"Bev..." the smaller woman who must be Alana... said pleadingly.

Beverly folded her arms, "I'm not going to just sit at home waiting for Will to forget to call. If he's going to watch Will, he can tell me he's ok."

Hannibal nodded, "Of course, Miss Katz, do you ladies need a ride home?"

Beverly shook her head, "I told Will he was the DD. But I'm sober, just wanted to tease him."

Alana nodded, but she seemed cowed by learning who Hannibal was and didn't speak again.

Once the women were on their way, Hannibal carried Will up to the bedroom off of his own chambers, removing Will's jacket and shirt and laying him down gently on the bed.

Will sighed softly, seeming to like the soft silk sheets and feather mattress. Hannibal smiled and moved to the chaise, laying down and watching Will in the moonlight coming through the window.

This would be most unconventional, but Hannibal fully intended to move heaven and earth for this man.

For his True Mate.

Chapter 3

Will groaned, burying his face in the pillow.

He felt... wrong... everything was wrong... the too soft bed, the cool silky sheets, the angle of sunlight through the windows... and that smell... that amazing smell...

Then there was his own body... he felt groggy and hot, itchy almost, like his skin didn't fit right, he groaned again and slowly sat up, looking around with his light blurred eyes.

He was in a large, lavish bedroom a large window to an equally large balcony was where the sunlight was coming from, he was in a large bed, covered in silk sheets and a plush blanket. A clock on the mantle was ticking gently and the soft colors of the walls and furniture seemed calming, but Will was on edge.

What happened last night?

He remembered drinking some wine, going out in the gardens and... he met someone out there... after that...

The room's door opened and Will jumped, pulling the sheets up to cover his chest, which he now noticed was bare. He felt rather silly, but he didn't drop the sheet.

"Ah, you're awake." The man entering the room said, smiling at him.

Will blinked, it was the man from the gardens...

The man came over with a tray of food, "You must be hungry, do you have any dietary restrictions?"

Will shook his head dumbly, not sure what to think about this...

The man nodded, settling the tray across Will's lap, "Here you are, I hope it's alright."

Will looked down at the tray, there was toast, a bowl of sliced fruit, bacon, sausage, and a glass of orange juice next to a mug of amazing smelling coffee.

"What do you remember from last night, Will?" The man asked.

Well, he knew Will's name... that was something he supposed.

Will finished chewing the slice of apple he'd eaten, swallowing before saying, "Not all that much... I was at the Mating Ball with my friends... I had a glass of wine and... people were looking at me strange so I moved to the gardens... then you arrived and..." He shook his head, "nothing after that..."

The man nodded, "I see..."

Will looked at him, "What... happened..." He asked softly.

The man sighed softly, sitting in a nearby armchair and crossed his legs, "I feel I must first apologize to you, Will, but I can't find it in myself to regret what has happened."

Will stared, "What?" He managed.

The man sighed again softly, "You have presented as an omega, and are my True Mate..."

Will's mouth fell open, he couldn't understand, he couldn't believe it... "I... can that even happen?"

The man nodded, "Meeting in the gardens, you were exposed to my scent, as my True Mate, it kick started your presenting." The man stood and moved over to Will, "I understand that this isn't ideal... but the doctor has been working on something to suppress your presenting heat by at least a week or two... would you be willing to allow me to court you in the interim?"

Will sat there for a long moment, his mind racing, *this man... actually wanted him?*

"Betas don't have true mates!" Will's Pa had yelled when Will had asked him about it when he was young. *"Besides, who would want an ugly brat like you?"* Will's father had always been harsh, bitter, prone to anger and fists... Will had just accepted that the man must be right about this too.

Will gripped at the sheets, his mind running through what he'd seen and read about male omegas and what happened to them.

He felt like he should be panicking, that he should be trying to climb off the balcony or something, but... he wasn't, he felt... safe, protected, wanted.

"I... I don't even know your name..." Will said softly, looking up at the handsome alpha, meeting the man's deep eyes, surprising himself when he found he didn't want to look away.

The man smiled at him gently, "I am Hannibal," he said, kneeling beside the bed, taking Will's hand and kissing it gently, "and I am your servant."

Will stared for a long moment. "W-wait..." he managed softly, "this is a lot... I'm... not a beta anymore, I'm a... male omega..." Hannibal nodded slightly so Will continued, "I have a True Mate... who is the crown prince of the realm?" Hannibal nodded again. "And... you want... me?" Will asked, hating how weak his voice was, how it trembled...

Hannibal was up instantly, wrapping his arms around Will gently and pulling him into a gentle hug, "Of course I do..." he murmured into Will's curls, "I would want nothing more."

Will's breath shuddered, he never pursued contact, didn't like people touching him much, but right now, right now... he never wanted it to end, he felt happy... warm... *ok, too warm.*

Will whimpered softly and Hannibal drew back quickly, handing Will a small bottle of what looked like wine, "Here, drink this, it should help."

"Should?" Will asked, looking at it.

Hannibal smiled, "It will help."

Will sighed softly and drank, it was sweet, but not like a sweet he had had before, this sweet tasted almost like the lemon he'd eaten on a dare once, sweet, but sour to the point his eyes wanted to water.

Hannibal looked on, worried "Are you alright?"

Will nodded, coughing softly, "Didn't... taste how I expected..."

"Is it bad?" Hannibal asked, standing, "I can see if the doctor can-"

"No, no, it's fine." Will said hurriedly, "kinda tasted like a lemon."

Hannibal blinked, then chuckled softly, "I see, alright." He sat again, "how do you feel?"

Will thought for a minute, "I feel ok... less hot for sure."

Hannibal nodded, "That's good."

Will managed a slight smile, "Thank you, for helping me..."

Hannibal seemed surprised, "Why wouldn't I?"

Will shook his head slightly, "Most other alphas I've met are... usually jerks..." he shrugged, "not many would help someone they didn't know..."

Hannibal seemed surprised, "To help someone in trouble seems only right, I wasn't going to just leave you there."

Will smiled, "And that's what puts you head and shoulders above any other alpha I know."

Hannibal seemed pleased by that, before a knock came at the door.

Will got up quickly, looking for his shirt.

Hannibal handed it to him, waiting for Will to be ready before opening the door.

A beautiful woman entered, she was dressed in a rather plain but elegant dress, had long dark brown hair and blue eyes, there were laugh lines around her eyes and mouth and she smiled kindly at them.

"Mother." Hannibal greeted, bowing slightly.

Will quickly bowed as well, *the queen!*

"Good morning, my dear." She said softly, reaching to touch Hannibal's cheek gently, "I came to see how you are both doing." She looked at Will and smiled again.

Will gulped, she seemed so kind, so open, but she was **royalty**!

Hannibal turned and reached for Will's hand, he took it without thinking and was guided forward.

"Mother, this is Will Graham," Hannibal said, smiling, "my True Mate."

Queen Simonetta smiled and dropped a slight curtsy, "It is wonderful to meet you, Will, when Hannibal came to me last night and explained, I almost couldn't believe it."

Will managed a weak smile himself, "I'm still trying to." He said honestly.

The queen laughed softly, "Well, thank you for allowing Hannibal the chance to court you, some would have run for the hills in your situation."

"I almost did..." Will said softly before shaking his head slightly, "But I honestly feel safer here than I think I ever have..."

Hannibal and his mother both looked worried, then the queen moved forward, reaching to stroke Will's cheek, "I am glad you feel you are safe with us." She said softly, "Thank you, for giving Hannibal a chance."

Will smiled, nodding. *So gentle... is this what it's like to... have a mom?*

Hannibal smiled gently, "Are you feeling better, Will?"

Will nodded again, "The potion seems to be working..."

Hannibal nodded, "Wonderful."

Queen Simonetta smiled gently, "Well, I must take my leave, your father wanted me to join him in a meeting with the Counts." She curtsied and left the room.

Will sighed softly, "She was... very kind..." he smiled weakly at Hannibal, "I don't know why that surprises me..."

Hannibal smiled gently before looking at Will again, "You haven't finished your breakfast, I apologize for the sudden interruption."

Will shook his head, "Oh, it's fine, please don't worry."

Hannibal nodded, "Well, perhaps once you have finished, we can go out?"

Will blinked, "Out where?"

Hannibal chuckled, "I thought we might spend the day in town, it is a lovely day after all, and fresh air will help you from getting hazy."

Will nodded, "Alright, sounds..." he was going to say 'alright' since he didn't really like spending time in town. But for some reason, he rather liked the idea of being out with

Hannibal. "Sounds terrific."

Hannibal smiled happily, and Will felt the urge to find any way he could to keep Hannibal smiling like that... smiling at him...

Suddenly, Will's phone rang and he groaned, knowing who it was without looking and not wanting anything to do with it.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow and Will realized what he'd done.

"S-sorry." Will said weakly.

Hannibal shook his head, "It's alright Will, but what is it that has you so distressed?"

"It's... my boss calling..." Will said, the words rushing out without him being able to stop them, "he's not even my 'boss'... I'm a teacher, he just dragged me into this whole mess and now he won't leave me alone even though I-" He stopped, looking up at Hannibal apologetically.

Hannibal cocked his head slightly, looking curious, "Why do you do it if you don't like it?"

Will shook his head, "Because I have to feed myself and my dogs..." he said softly, "one word from Jack and I could lose my teaching too..."

Hannibal frowned, "That doesn't seem fair..."

Will shrugged, "It's what my life is... or, was..." Will looked at his hands, "Will I even see my dogs again...?" He muttered, more to himself, but Hannibal answered anyways.

"Of course you will." He said, taking Will's hand gently, "They are your family, I wouldn't want to make you unhappy."

Will looked up at Hannibal, seeing that he was being honest with him, Will sighed softly, "Thank you..." he said softly.

Hannibal smiled and leaned in to kiss Will's forehead, "Of course, Will."

Chapter 4

Once Will had finished eating, Hannibal brought him a set of clothes so he wouldn't have to wear the same clothes again. Will was surprised when they fit him perfectly.

Hannibal chuckled softly when Will mentioned it, "I have excellent seamstresses here, and I have a rather good eye."

Will decided not to push, it was nice to have clean clothes, besides, these were softer and more comfortable than *anything* he had ever owned.

They walked out the gates of the palace, the guards saluting them as they left, Will kept his head down, staying close to Hannibal.

So many people...

They made it to town and checked out a few small stores on the outskirts before moving towards the square.

"You don't like eye contact, do you..." Hannibal asked, looking at Will questioningly.

Will sighed softly, "I... find eyes distracting." He said, shaking his head, "Some you see too much, some you don't see enough... makes it hard to focus." He looked up at Hannibal again, "You're an exception... I like your eyes..."

Hannibal smiled at that and opened his mouth to respond when-

"Oh my god! It's the prince!"

Before Will could even look to see who had yelled, he was shoved aside by a stampede of omega women, all smiling and giggling, asking the prince to join them for lunch or for a drink.

Will sighed and turned away, he didn't even matter to those women, he was used to that, what he wasn't used to was the sudden jealousy he felt, he wanted to snarl at those girls, he wanted to grab Hannibal, to mark him, show that he was Will's and Will's **alone!** But he turned away and moved to find a food stand or something, maybe he could meet Hannibal back at the castle gate or-

"I am sorry," Hannibal said, making Will still, "but I can't join any of you, I am currently on a date, and cannot keep my love waiting."

The women all started talking louder, seemingly trying to convince Hannibal that whatever 'Floozy' he was with paled in comparison with them, but then, Hannibal was standing beside Will and smiling, "Shall we?" He asked, offering Will his arm.

The women had all fallen completely silent, shocked.

Will smiled, feeling his heart start going faster as he took Hannibal's elbow and they continued down the street.

"No keeping a low profile now." Will said with a chuckle.

Hannibal chuckled as well, "I find it quite impossible to simply come into town and not be surrounded."

Will shook his head, "I can kinda understand... this reporter is always following me on cases with Jack, she thinks I'm hiding something and keeps trying to find out what."

Hannibal made a soft grumble that could have been called a growl if it were any louder, "Reporters... either they're good, or they're all around bad..."

"She's bad." Will said, laughing softly, "any stories that aren't 'good enough' she'll make up whatever filler she needs."

Hannibal seemed shocked, but before he could answer, another voice yelled across the street.

"WILL! WILL, HOLD UP!"

Will winced, wanting to keep going but Hannibal was already slowing, looking curious.

Will sighed and turned to look, taking Hannibal's hand as Matthew Brown hurried up to them, not seeming to even notice that Will was with someone.

"Will," Matthew said, gasping softly, "I've been looking for you all over... I-"

"Save it, Matt." Will said, glaring, "I told you already, we're through."

Hannibal remained silent, but his hand tightened ever so slightly around Will's own.

"Will, come on." Matthew said pleadingly, "you can't still be upset about-"

"You stood me up on a date to go fool around with Randall Tier!" Will snapped, "I waited at that restaurant for **hours**."

Matthew rolled his eyes slightly as if he had heard this a hundred times. "A male omega wanted me, what can I say? But I still love you babe, come on, it could be a good thing!"

"I won't be a 'side piece' Matt." Will growled.

"An alpha **needs** an omega!" Matthew growled back, "That's how life works! It's-"

Matthew stopped short, his nostrils flared as the breeze shifted around them, his eyes widening as his pupils dilated, "Will... you're-"

"Leaving, yes." Will said, turning, "come on Hanni-"

Matthew grabbed Will's arm tightly, spinning him to face him again, "You aren't going any-"

Hannibal snarled and was about to move forward when Will spun and with his full momentum behind him, slammed his foot into the knothead's crotch.

Matthew's face went pale, his mouth falling open, but no sound came out before he sank to his knees, then to the ground.

"You had your chance," Will said, "and you lost it for a chance to get your knot wet. Now I have someone better, so have fun with Randall, say "hi" for me." With that, Will turned and walked away from the prone alpha, Hannibal walking with him and looking rather smug.

After walking a while, Will slowed, "Sorry about that..." he said softly, "Matthew's my ex... I-"

"Did you mean it?" Hannibal asked softly.

Will looked up at him, "What?"

"Now I have someone better" that's what you said," Hannibal said softly, "did you mean it?"

Will was quiet for a moment before nodding, "Yeah... I guess I did..." he said softly, "You're the nicest person I've ever met and... I feel wanted when I'm with you, I've never had that before... I like being with you..." he looked up at Hannibal again, "is that... alright?"

Hannibal hugged him tightly, "Oh Will," he murmured softly, "it's more than alright, it's perfect..."

They walked the square together, stopping at a food stand and getting some, in Will's opinion, absolutely amazing paninis, sitting on the edge of the fountain to eat.

Will told Hannibal about his dogs, his teaching job and Jack's drafting of him, he talked about fishing and his love of the woods and growing things.

Hannibal, in turn, told Will about his favorite books, riding horses in the country, about his preparation to take the throne, and his passion for cooking.

Will thoroughly enjoyed himself, smiling and laughing more than he had in a long time.

Will noticed Matthew skulking nearby and watching them, but he chose to ignore it, too happy to let Matthew ruin it.

As they finished their food and moved across the square, Will stilled at a shop window, watching a chocolatier pouring the rich dark treat into molds for cooling.

Will used to love watching sweet makers whenever he came to town with his pa to fix motors, he remembered the one time he had asked for some chocolate, his pa had yelled all the way home that day.

"Would you like some?"

Hannibal's words snapped Will out of his memories, "What?"

Hannibal smiled gently, "Chocolate. Would you like some?"

Will stared, dumbfounded, "I-" He looked at the window again, "I... I've never had... chocolate like this..." once he was older and made his own money, he had gotten some chocolate from the store, but nothing like the ones hand made.

Hannibal took Will's hand and led him into the shop.

The smell of cocoa and sugar made Will sigh, *it was amazing!*

"Pick what you'd like," Hannibal said, gesturing to the rows of delicious looking sweets.

"Hannibal, I..." Will shook his head, not sure what the differences were between the different sweets or how many Hannibal meant for him to choose.

Hannibal smiled, "two of each please." He said to the wide eyed clerk, gesturing to the cabinet of bon bons.

The shocked looking clerk nodded quickly and scurried to fill a ribboned box.

Will looked at Hannibal in surprise, "I-Isn't that too much?" He asked in worry.

Hannibal shook his head, squeezing Will's hand gently, "Will, it's alright, let me do this for you?"

Will closed his mouth and nodded, accepting that Hannibal wanted to pamper him and he wasn't going to be able to stop him.

Hannibal smiled and accepted the box from the still wide eyed clerk, "How much?"

The clerk stammered out a number that Will was almost certain was less than it would be if he was buying it alone.

Hannibal handed over the money and took Will's hand, walking out of the shop.

They returned to the palace and shared the chocolate. Will was amazed by how different they tasted compared to the chocolate he had had before.

Hannibal smiled at him, seeming pleased that Will was enjoying the chocolates so much. They spent the remainder of the day talking and reading, enjoying spending time together, they had so much more in common then Will would have expedited.

Chapter 5

The next morning, Will woke to a commotion in the hall.

"I want this taken down." Hannibal was saying angrily, "and find this woman, I want a word..."

"Yes, sir!" The guards said before their footsteps retreated.

Will sat up as Hannibal entered with breakfast, "Has something happened?"

Hannibal sighed softly, "You heard all that, did you? I am sorry..." he set down the tray and handed Will a printout from a site Will knew well... Tattler...

"Oh no..." Will groaned, "what has Freddie written now?"

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, "You know this woman?"

Will nodded, "She's the one I mentioned yesterday, the reporter always looking for my 'secret'..."

Hannibal nodded, "That may explain this then..."

Will took the page, eyes widening as he read:

CRIME SOLVER TO KEPT OMEGA?

Crown Prince Hannibal Lecter was spotted in town yesterday, when a young lady asked him to join her for a drink, she was rebuffed, the prince stating that he was "on a date".

The date in question? None other than teacher turned unqualified crime solver, William Arthur Graham. Known to his friends as 'Will', Graham has been living alone for many years, claiming to be a beta, but now is seen with the prince on a date?

"Will was with me for years," said medical student, Matthew Brown, "I loved him deeply and was always there for him, now he does this to me..."

When asked, Mister Graham refused to comment, saying that he "Won't talk to reporters like you."

The article continued, but Will tossed it away in disgust, "What a load of bullshit! A young lady? You were mobbed! And Matt- I am going to kill him!! I-" Will's tirade stopped at Hannibal's hand gently stroking Will's hair.

"Will," he said softly, Will almost melting under the soft touch, "I understand you're upset and angry, but I need you to calm down... too much excitement could burn through the potion faster."

Will took a deep breath and nodded, letting the breath out again, "I'm sorry..."

Hannibal smiled, "It's alright, I'm sorry that she has written such things about you... in the past as well as now..."

Will shook his head, "I'm fine... I'm more worried about what people will think of you over this..."

Hannibal had always been well respected and loved by the kingdom, what would they think now? The article made Hannibal out to be a rude man who was possibly sleeping with a liar and a cheater...

Hannibal shook his head, "I intend to clear this matter up. If you wish to join me, you can, though I would not force you, as I know you do not enjoy crowds."

Will shook his head, "If you're there, I think I'll be ok..."

Hannibal nodded, "I hope you still have enough appetite to eat, I wouldn't want you to go without."

Will nodded, standing to move to the table.

A knock came at the door.

"Sire?" A voice called.

"Enter." Hannibal said.

A guard opened the door, saluting quickly "Pardon Sire, but there is a 'Beaux Graham' at the gate demanding to be given a dowry for Master Will."

Will snarled before he realized it, his fists clenched.

He hates me all my life and now he-

Hannibal looked at Will, seeing his reaction, "A moment, please?"

The guard nodded and closed the door.

"Will," Hannibal said, taking Will's fists in his hands gently, "talk to me?"

Will took a deep breath, trying to calm down, "My pa... has always hated me... my mom left when I was little and he never told me why... but I looked so much like them that... he just took all of his hate out on me..."

Hannibal frowned, but kept silent, letting Will continue.

"He always put me down... telling me no one would ever love me and now- now he just shows up wanting to be **paid** for me!" Will felt tears stinging his eyes and he hated himself for it, he didn't want to spare his father even that emotion.

Hannibal kissed the top of Will's head, "I understand, don't you think about him anymore. Alright?"

Will swallowed slightly and nodded, "Ok..."

Hannibal smiled gently, "Wait here, alright?"

Will nodded, though he didn't really like it, he wanted to stay with Hannibal, but he certainly didn't want to see his pa...

Hannibal smiled gently, "Eat your breakfast." He said softly, then left the room.

Hannibal moved to the gate, looking at the man who had filled Will's life with nothing but anger and pain, he had to fight the urge to order the guards to arrest him right then.

Beaux Graham stood at the gates, arms crossed, not even bothering to remove his hat as he swayed slightly drunkenly where he stood.

"Good morning," Hannibal said, "I am-"

"Yer the prince." Beaux said, cutting him off, "the one who took my boy. An' I want payments..."

Hannibal frowned, "Correct me if I am mistaken, but you raised your son, if you can claim him as such anymore, to be a beta."

Beaux's jaw tightened slightly, but Hannibal continued before he could say anything.

"You also continually told him he would never be loved, or cared for, and now that he has found someone who does care about him, you seek to profit from it."

"He's my son." Beaux growled, "it's my right to-"

"No." Hannibal said softly, "simply giving birth to someone does not give you the "right". Name one time, when you showed your son love or kindness, one time you were not putting him down or yelling at him. Tell me."

Beaux stammered and growled, his hands forming fists, "He's still my boy." He said "an' I want-"

"What you want..." Hannibal said softly, "Is more money to spend on alcohol. Which you won't be getting from me."

Beaux took a step forward with a growl, but as both guards moved to fighting stance, he quickly thought better of it.

"You'll regret this." He growled at Hannibal again.

Hannibal looked him in the eyes, the coldness in his gaze making the man back up slightly. "You will regret it, if you hurt him again." With that, Hannibal turned and walked back inside.

Chapter 6

Will was pacing the room, looking worried. But once he saw Hannibal, he sighed in relief, "I was worried..." he said softly before hugging Hannibal tightly.

Hannibal hugged him back, sighing softly, "I'm alright... though I doubt we have seen the last of him..."

Will sighed, "Yeah..."

Hannibal's phone suddenly rang, making them separate, when he pulled it out, Will recognized the number.

"Beverly?" Will asked in surprise, "why do you have her number?"

Hannibal chuckled softly, "I believe her words were, 'I'm not going to just sit at home waiting for Will to forget to call.'." He answered the phone on speaker.

"Hello, Miss Katz, what can I do for you?" He said.

"Is Will with you?" Beverly said, sounding... *upset? No... panicked...*

"Bev? What's wrong?" Will asked, worried.

"Will!" Beverly said, sounding relieved, "it's bad..."

"What? What happened?"

"It's your house, Will..."

Will fought down tears as he looked at what remained of his home... most was reduced to ash, destroyed in an arson fire, what was still intact, was covered in graffiti... 'Slut!' 'Bitch!' 'Cheater!' Were all very prominent.

Hannibal touched Will's shoulder gently, "I am sorry, Will..."

Will shook his head slightly, "It's fine... there wasn't much there..." any furniture he had was second hand, and his wardrobe was no great loss, his dogs had been with Beverly so they were alright, they were now in the palace kennels, *safe...*

Hannibal shook his head slightly, "I do not know how they would have learned your address... at least, not this fast..."

Will sighed softly, "It doesn't matter..."

Hannibal frowned, "It does." He said softly, "whether you are with me or not, something like this is unacceptable."

Will looked up at Hannibal, again feeling the strong urge to kiss him, make that hurt look go away...

"Will!" Beverly called, waving, "I found something!"

Will and Hannibal hurried over to see, Beverly was holding what looked like a broken whiskey bottle, and a colored cloth that looked badly burnt.

But Will recognized it. "That's mine..." he said softly, "It's a scarf I loaned to Matthew before we..."

"I'm going to kill him." Beverly said, almost matter of factly.

"Bev..." Will managed softly.

"Will," Beverly said softly, "as your best friend since the days of diapers, I reserve the right to break the face of any who upset you. Matthew has. **Twice**. And he **STILL** thinks you're getting back together!"

Will sighed softly, Matthew had been obsessed with Will since the break-up. Blowing up Will's phone until Will blocked him, calling his friends, his work, trying to talk to Will on the street any time he saw him.

It had been funny to Will at the time, Matthew had no time for Will when they were together, then when Will left, he suddenly needed him like water in the desert...

Hannibal looked pleased by Beverly's response to all of this, but he still seemed upset by it all.

Will sighed weakly, "There's some security cameras across the street, but I doubt that old man Russell would be very happy with me asking..."

"Why not?" Beverly asked, "I thought you two got along."

"We do." Will nodded, "but he's always touchy about his cameras..."

Hannibal looked at the other house, "Perhaps I could talk to him?"

Will looked at Hannibal, "You don't have-"

"Thank you so much for helping." Beverly said loudly, looping an arm around Will's neck and grinning at Hannibal as she wrestled with her friend.

Hannibal smiled gently, and nodded, then he moved to the house, knocking and waiting.

"One moment!" Called a woman's voice, a few moments later, a young woman opened the door, smiling at him, "How can I help you?"

Hannibal smiled back pleasantly, "Hello, is Mister Russell available?"

The woman shook her head slightly, "Dad is sleeping right now... can I help?"

"I wished to ask for a copy of your father's security tapes." Hannibal said, "we are hoping to catch the person responsible for the arson across the street."

The woman's eyes widened slightly, looking passed Hannibal to the emergency vehicles and the charred house. "Oh my god..." she whispered, "Are Will and the dogs alright?"

Hannibal nodded, "Yes, everyone is alright, miss...?"

"Molly." She replied softly before pulling herself together and holding out her hand to shake, "I'm Molly."

Hannibal shook her hand, "Hannibal."

Molly froze a moment, shocked, before she nodded slightly, "I-I'll grab the footage." She said quickly and moved back into the house.

Hannibal could see a young pup sitting on the floor in front of the TV, watching some kids show.

After a few minutes, Molly returned, holding out a small flash drive. "Here, I hope it helps."

Hannibal nodded, "Thank you very much, Molly."

Molly smiled, "Will was a good friend, and always very kind to Walter. I'm happy to help."

Hannibal smiled and took the drive, bowing slightly "Goodbye then."

Molly smiled, "Tell Will that I'm glad they're all alright." Then she closed the door again.

Will and Hannibal looked over the footage together later, seeing Matthew and Randall Tier, they put on different shoes and ran around to make it look like there had been more people, then sprayed the graffiti and threw the molotov before driving away.

Will sighed softly, "I knew... I knew what Matthew was like... but I still stayed with him... I didn't think anyone else would ever... **love** me..."

Hannibal purred soothingly, taking Will's hand gently, "It isn't your fault..."

Will nodded slightly, "I know... but..."

Hannibal nodded, "It can be hard..."

The guards entered "Sire, everything is ready."

Hannibal nodded, "Thank you." He stood and held out a hand to Will, "Will you come?"

Will nodded, taking Hannibal's hand, "I don't want to be alone."

Hannibal smiled gently at him and walked out, still holding Will's hand.

Chapter 7

They arrived at a television station a few minutes later, Will recognized it as the one they filmed the daily news program on, Hannibal led him inside and they were escorted to a green room by on set security.

A bright and bubbly woman named Ally, did their on camera makeup and hair, chatting away the whole time about how she thought they were "The prettiest little pair!" and how she wished them well.

Will was reminded of the few times he had met his grandma, she had always been so sweet and doting... he never understood how his father was so very different from her...

They were led out again, the stage hands explained that Hannibal would go out first, then after a brief talk, Will. The hosts had been informed about the whole thing and would be helping to guide the conversation.

"I'll be by Hannibal... right?" Will found himself asking, he was nervous, he could hear the live audience out there and...

The stage hand quickly assured him, "Yes, you and the prince will be on the dark blue sofa."

Just then a voice boomed from behind the cameras, "And we are live... in five... four... three..." two beats later, the music picked up, the lights lit the stage, and the crowd began to clap.

"Hello everyone, and welcome to today's show!" The young woman host said, smiling brightly, "We have a wonderful guest for you all today!"

"That's right, Emily," the other host said, nodding, "They've asked to join us here today to clear up some things that seem to have been... exaggerated."

"Everyone please welcome, Crown Prince Hannibal Lecter!"

The room erupted in cheers and screams, Hannibal stepped out, smiling and waving, even throwing in a thumbs up, which Will found adorable, then he sat on the indicated sofa and smiled at the hosts.

"Thank you for having me, Kyle, Emily." Hannibal said smoothly.

"Always a pleasure," Kyle said, nodding.

"So tell us," Emily said, leaning forward slightly, "what is it that's brought you here today?"

Hannibal sighed, frowning slightly, "I was made aware of an article that was written about myself and my betrothed which was rather slanderous, I wished to set the record straight."

As soon as Hannibal had said 'Betrothed' the entire studio sounded like it was full of bees.

"Betrothed? That's news to me." Kyle said, pretending to be surprised.

Hannibal smiled slightly, "Yes, I have found my True Mate."

Silence.

Will was surprised how quiet it got, how fast everyone stilled.

"That's quite the feat..." Kyle said softly, "finding your other half..."

Hannibal nodded, "Yes... he is wonderful."

"Can we meet him?" Emily asked, smiling.

Hannibal looked back at Will, "If he wishes to." He stood and held out his hand, "Will?"

Will swallowed hard, then moved out and took Hannibal's hand.

People were murmuring again as Hannibal and Will sat together on the sofa.

"So," Emily said, smiling softly at Will. Will could tell she was trying to sound softer for him. Whether it was because he was omega or because she could tell he was nervous, he wasn't so sure. "How did the two of you meet?"

Will kept his eyes around her (rather gaudy) earrings and ignored the fact that there were so many people watching, 'It's just like giving a lecture, you can do this.' "My friends asked me to go with them to the last Mating Ball." he said, "After a while, I went out to the gardens for some air and met Hannibal."

"So sweet!" Kyle said, beaming, "it must have been so wonderful."

Will kept himself from mentioning how he was unconscious for most of it.

Hannibal smiled, "Will was indeed beautiful..."

Will felt himself blush and he looked at his hands.

"You said something about an article?" Emily asked, looking between them.

Hannibal nodded, "Yes, an article written about myself and Will by one Freddie Lounds."

"I see," Kyle said, nodding.

"She cast us both in a rather ugly light, I wished to straighten out any misunderstandings." Hannibal said softly.

Emily frowned, "Well, we are here to listen."

Hannibal nodded, "Thank you, one of the main points I wished to-"

Hannibal was interrupted by a loud snarl, Will tried to see who it was, but the lights made the audience invisible to him.

Suddenly, Matthew rushed out of the darkness of the audience and straight at Will.

"YOU LYING SON OF A-" Matthew screamed as he dove at Will, eyes blazing.

Hannibal jumped up with an answering snarl, moving in front of Will and knocking Matthew to the ground.

Matthew was up in an instant and lunging at Hannibal.

"Will is mine!" Matthew growled, "I had him first!"

Will was reminded for a moment of a child fighting for a toy. But only for a moment before Matthew was punching and clawing at Hannibal, snapping at Will.

Will was furious, not only was Matthew doing this, treating Will like something to be owned, but he was threatening Hannibal!

'Too much excitement could burn through the potion faster.' Hannibal's voice sounded in his mind, but Will didn't care.

Will was there in a moment, shoving the two alphas apart, "Stop it!" He yelled, glaring at Matthew.

Hannibal stilled as soon as Will said it, but Matthew tried to scruff him.

Will hauled off and punched him square in the jaw, knocking him down.

"Enough!" Will snarled, "You couldn't care less about me when we were together. Then, when I decided I deserved better than the **SHIT** you put me through, you're suddenly clingy as a leech!"

Matthew stared at Will, shocked, Will was strong willed, always had been, but now everyone seemed to think that as an omega, he would 'change'.

The rest of the studio was quiet too, Will tried to ignore it as his anger continued, "**You** cheated on **me!** **NOT** the other way around, and you and Randall go and **destroy my house?!**"

Murmuring again in the crowd, Matthew looked around uneasily, "W-what? That's crazy! It was this pretty boys fan club that burned your house."

Hannibal tilted his head slightly, "Then how do you know it was burned? Will only said ``destroyed.'"

Matthew went pale then and people began murmuring louder.

Emily and Kyle finally seemed to break out of their stooper and motioned for security to take Matthew and Randall, who had been in the crowd and trying to be inconspicuous away.

Hannibal led Will back to the sofa again, but Will didn't pay much attention to the rest of the interview.

He felt dizzy... almost vertigo-like, and fuzzy... warm...

Will's brain seemed to click on about what was happening about the moment Hannibal said, "I'm afraid we must stop there, the excitement seems to have been a bit much for Will, I need to see to him."

"Oh, of course." Emily said, smiling at Will, "It was quite frightening after all."

They bid farewell to the hosts and the audience and left, Hannibal sending some guards to arrest Matthew and Randall where the studio security had put them.

Once in the limousine again, Hannibal turned to Will, "May I...?" He asked softly, reaching towards him.

Before Hannibal's hand had even touched him, Will whined for more, baring his neck to the alpha.

Hannibal was there in a moment, pressing his nose to Will's neck and breathing deeply, "Oh, Will... I should have realized that things would be stressful with the interview..." Hannibal reached for his phone, "I will call Doctor Sutcliffe," he said softly, "he can have the potion ready when we-"

Will shook his head, catching Hannibal's wrist, "No... I... I want to... to be with you..."

Hannibal looked at Will again, hopeful, "Truly, Will?"

Will nodded, "When I'm with you, I- I never feel like I don't belong... I feel truly loved, and... I love you... I want to be with you."

Hannibal smiled that beautiful smile, and Will realized that that smile was one he would see for the rest of his life.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

This chapter is JUST the sex and mating. So if you don't want to read the sex, you can just skip this chapter and continue with the next. 😊

They returned to the palace and Hannibal took Will back up to his own chambers again.

Will was getting hotter and breath felt like he was trying to pull air through a thick cloth into too small lungs, he must have let slip a whine of discomfort because a moment later, he was in Hannibal's arms and being carried.

Will caught a whiff of Hannibal's scent and his lungs instantly felt free, he pressed close, purring and breathing a deep lung full of his alphas scent.

Yes... his mind said softly, yes... my alpha.

"Is that helping, Will?" Hannibal asked softly, stroking Will's hair.

Will nodded, only now realizing that they were back in the bed chambers again.

Hannibal purred softly, nuzzling Will's ear and making him shiver, giggling softly.

Hannibal smiled, his hand slipping up under Will's shirt softly.

Will gasped, his chest arching into the touch as a sudden burst of pleasure ran through him.

Hannibal paused a moment, surprised, then a smile spread across his face, his hand trailed over, rubbing gently at one of Will's nipples.

Will moaned loudly, gasping at the feeling, *they've never been this sensitive before, what-*

"Does it feel good, Will?" Hannibal murmured, pinching the bud gently.

Will nodded quickly, gasping and moaning.

Hannibal chuckled softly before pulling Will's shirt off quickly, then ducking his head to lick at Will's chest.

Will cried out, his fingers grabbed at Hannibal's hair as he shivered and writhed under him, "H-Hannibal!"

Hannibal hummed softly around the bud, pinching and playing with the other as he did, after a minute, he switched sides and gave the other the same.

Will whimpered, gripping the silky strands tightly, "H-Hannibal- I'm gonna-"

Hannibal pulled back, "Would you really cum just from this?" He murmured, his hand running down Will's side soothingly.

Will shivered slightly, letting his hands fall back to the silk sheets near his head, "They've... never felt like that before..."

Hannibal chuckled softly, blowing on the wet nubs gently as Will whimpered.

"Sweet Will... the things I want to do to you..." Hannibal murmured as he moved back to kiss Will's lips.

"Please do..." Will whimpered when they broke for breath, "I want to be yours."

Hannibal smiled, reaching down to grope Will's firm ass before helping him out of the pants and boxers.

Hannibal stands and quickly removes his own clothes, smiling when he sees Will presenting for him.

"So beautiful..." Hannibal said softly, his hand ghosting over Will's ass, "You have no idea how beautiful you are to me..."

Will whined softly, "I'm nothing special..." he murmured.

Hannibal climbed on the bed quickly and grabbed Will's hips, making the omega fall face first in the pillows as his ass was lifted even higher.

"You are perfect..." Hannibal said softly before he pressed forward and licked a long, slow trail from Will's balls to his tailbone.

Will yelped into the pillow, the hot tongue licked again and again, leaving Will quivering and moaning.

Hannibal began to zero in on Will's hole, circling with his tongue and licking over it until he suddenly pushed his tongue inside.

Will let out a debauched whine, burying his face in the pillow as Hannibal continued probing and licking, tracing around the rim, before allowing his tongue to dart inside, holding back to tease listening to Will's sighs and cries, before thrusting his tongue past the ring of muscle and inside Will.

Will could barely breathe, sensation after sensation fireworked across his mind. When Hannibal finally pulled back, Will had no idea if it had been minutes or days.

Hannibal chuckled softly, "So perfect..."

Will whimpered softly, gripping at the pillow and burying his face in it further.

Hannibal stroked Will's hair gently, "You don't need to hide from me darling..."

Will pulled back enough to look back at Hannibal with hazy eyes.

Hannibal smiled at him, "There you are..." he murmured softly, "Are you ready?"

Will nodded quickly, lifting his hips slightly, spreading his legs to give Hannibal more room, whining softly.

Hannibal chuckled, "Very well," lining up, "I love you, Will..." then he pushed forward.

Will whined, gripping the blankets and gasping, "OH GOD!"

Hannibal moaned softly, feeling Will tighten around him slightly with soft warmth. "Oh Will..."

Will shook as he began to shift his hips, fucking himself on Hannibal's large cock with soft gasps.

"So needy..." Hannibal said, smiling, "Let me help you, love." He took Will's hips and began rocking himself, fucking Will gentle and deep.

Will moaned softly, "H-Hannibal... feels so-" Will arched with a cry as Hannibal pressed against his sweet bundle of nerves.

Hannibal pressed in deeper, grinding against those nerves roughly.

Will writhed, gasping, and whining softly, "M-more!" He gasped out, "please!"

Hannibal started thrusting harder and harder, panting himself with the effort as he got closer to release.

Will moaned loudly, bucking back on the thrusts quickly.

Hannibal reached down, stroking Will's cock roughly as his knot started to swell.

Will yelled at the sensation, slamming back onto the knot as he came.

Hannibal's knot expanded as he came, filling Will as he bit deep into Will's scent gland.

Will shook through his own orgasam, his hole clenching tightly around Hannibal, milking everything he could.

Hannibal licked the blood away and settled them down to sleep, they would need their energy after all.

Chapter 9

After the heat was over and they had recovered, Hannibal and Will spent some time with Hannibal's mother, as his father was away on diplomatic affairs.

The Queen- Simonetta, as she asked Will to call her, informed them that many of the citizens have sided with Will and Hannibal's union after learning they were True Mates, making Freddie Lounds a pariah until she had issued a recant.

Will found that he really liked Simonetta, she was kind and soft spoken, she accepted Will almost instantly, even as some of the rest of the court thought that Hannibal needed a better mate than a **commoner**.

Hannibal and Will spent the next week or so together, attending Hannibal's (and now Will's) lessons about ruling the kingdom, playing with Will's dogs, cooking together, and generally enjoying each other's company.

Then a messenger came to tell the queen that Hannibal's father had passed away while on his journey...

"I'm so sorry, Hannibal..." Will said softly, touching his mate's shoulder.

Hannibal sighed softly, shaking his head, "Honestly, he never had much time for me... but I am saddened by his loss."

Will nodded slightly, "I know..."

"The advisors are planning to run things until the coronation can be scheduled..." Hannibal said softly, "You and I are to be the rulers soon."

Will swallowed slightly and nodded, he knew it was something that would happen eventually, but this was rather fast.

Hannibal looked at Will, worried, "I am sorry that you were thrown into this..."

Will shook his head, "You aren't getting rid of me that easily." He smiled, letting Hannibal know he was joking.

Hannibal smiled gently, "Yes, well... I can still apologize."

Will nodded slightly, "You can, but we're already here. So we'll make the most of it."

Another two weeks went by as the funeral and mourning took place, then the coronation was announced and plans were set in motion.

Since the coronation would also be Will's joining of the royal family, they were required to dress for the part. Will was fitted for an intricate white dress, it had beautiful beadwork and a layered skirt that made Will feel like he was gliding, even with his regular walk.

Hannibal smiled at him when he saw him. "You look beautiful..."

"I could say the same." Will said softly.

Hannibal was dressed in a tux of deep maroon, his onix cufflinks glinting in the light, even the bow tie looked elegant on Hannibal.

Hannibal chuckled softly and held out his arm, for a moment, Will thought back to that first date, how Hannibal had wanted him over all of the other omega women. Now he was his.

Will took Hannibal's elbow and they moved to the door.

The coronation was to take place in the royal gardens, which had been opened to the public for the occasion, the flowers all blooming and the sun shining, it was beautiful.

The people were cheering and clapping as Hannibal and Will moved passed.

"Long live King Hannibal!"

"Long live Consort Will!"

Part of Will still couldn't believe this was really happening, but he wouldn't trade Hannibal for anything.

A strange disturbance in the crowd caught Will's attention, he saw the guards dragging Freddie Lounds away and he smiled, she would hate missing this.

As Will turned back, he saw his pa moving forward, a snarl on his face and the deadly flash of metal.

"NO!" Will cried, diving forward, as the gun fired.

Pain, searing pain... screams, and running feet.

Will opened his eyes slowly, Hannibal was holding him close and... Will was laying down now...?

Did I trip? He wondered, his mind felt like it was full of smoke, thoughts rushing away before he could grab them.

Hannibal looked terrified and Will tried to purr, to soothe his mate, but the pain was extreme, making it hard to focus.

Will looked around slowly, wondering if the guards got his pa... then seeing a strange scarlet spot on his dress that seemed to be getting bigger.

Will tried to brush it away, but all he did was smear it further onto the white silks, "M-my dress..."

Will tried again but Hannibal caught his hand, "Will, stay still."

Will was surprised, *Hannibal had never used his alpha voice on him before... why...?*

Then Doctor Sutcliffe was there and with the help of some guards, they moved Will to a stretcher and moved towards the palace again.

But Will was too tired to focus, he just wanted to close his eyes and... rest...

Chapter 10

Hannibal paced worriedly outside the doctors rooms.

The doctor was checking Will, but he had asked Hannibal to wait outside as his stressed scent could worsen Will's condition.

"Hannibal!"

Hannibal turned to see his mother hurrying to him, looking worried.

"Mother..." Hannibal said softly as his mother hugged him tightly.

"How is he?" She asked, looking up at Hannibal.

Hannibal looked away, eyes closing before he said, "Will... was shot in the abdomen while protecting me..."

Simonetta gasped, covering her mouth with wide eyes.

Hannibal shook his head, "Donald doesn't know how deep it is or what damage it has caused... he's trying to get the bullet out..."

Simonetta closed her eyes as if offering a silent prayer before nodding slightly, "I will inform the people that the coronation is postponed, then I will return."

Hannibal nodded, smiling at her gratefully, "Thank you, mother."

"Highness."

Hannibal looked up, seeing his father's main advisor, Fredrick Chilton, strolling up to them.

Hannibal straightened, pulling his emotions back, "Yes?"

Chilton came up to them, standing with the confidence of a man with the king's ear and planned to have Hannibal's as well, "I shall speak bluntly." He said, "We must be making plans for your finding a new mate."

Silence for a moment, then Hannibal snarled.

"You forget yourself, Fredrick..." he said softly, warningly.

Chilton raised an eyebrow, "There is a fairly decent chance that Master Graham..." his voice twisted the name contemptuously, "Will not survive his injuries, or, he may be rendered barren. The kingdom needs an heir. Therefore-"

Hannibal's hands tightened in fists, but before he could even move, Simonetta Lecter had stepped forward and slapped the advisor hard across the face.

Chilton's eyes widened in shock, staring at her.

"You will take back your words." Simonetta nearly growled, eyes flashing, "You will not speak such things about my son's True Mate."

Chilton held his cheek for a long moment, staring at the queen before he turned and walked away silently.

Simonetta looked at her son again with a tender look, "I will return." She said softly before moving away to inform everyone.

Hannibal waited, he waited until his mother returned, he waited as the crowds disbursed, he waited for what felt like years, until the door opened and Doctor Sutcliffe emerged.

Hannibal and Simonetta both stood quickly.

"How is he, doctor?" Simonetta asked.

"Is he alright?" Hannibal asked desperately.

Doctor Sutcliffe sighed softly, "We removed the bullet, it was a near thing, but the bullet grazed off his lowest rib, it took a bit of looking to find it, but it remained intact, so damage wasn't horrible. He will still need time to rest and recover, but he should be just fine."

Hannibal and Simonetta both sighed in relief, "Thank goodness."

"May I see him?" Hannibal asked softly.

Doctor Sutcliffe smiled, "If I didn't let you in, your mate would get up and fight the whole staff to find you."

Hannibal smiled weakly, "That he would..." he gave Donald's shoulder a grateful squeeze before going in to see his mate.

Hannibal entered the room, finding the young nurse trying desperately to keep Will calm and settled in the bed as he continually tried to move.

"I need to find Hannibal! I need to know he's alright!" Will growled.

"I'm fine, love" Hannibal said, moving forward and touching Will's shoulder, "thanks to you."

Will relaxed almost instantly, sighing softly, "Thank goodness..."

Hannibal smiled gently, "Will, you were hurt badly, I need you to promise me that you will try and take it easy...alright?"

Will sighed again, nodding slightly, "Alright... I'll try..."

Hannibal sat beside him, "That's all I can ask..."

Will took Hannibal's hand, "My pa... he..."

Hannibal sighed, "He was... shot when he tried to fight his way past the soldiers..."

Will was still for a moment before nodding, "Alright..."

Hannibal squeezed his hand, "I am thankful that he didn't hurt you worse than what he did... I was truly worried about you..."

"I'm sorry..." Will said softly, "I didn't mean to worry you... I just-"

"Will." Hannibal said, "You saved me, I'm not upset at you, I just need you to be alright..."

Will sighed and nodded, "Alright..."

Hannibal smiled, stroking Will's hair gently, "Thank you, dear Will..."

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Over the next few days, Will was on bed rest, Hannibal stayed with him as much as possible, his mother kept him informed about affairs and helped him run things.

Chilton and the other advisors had been commanded to stand down and Simonetta was running things with Hannibal until they could be crowned.

Dimmond later brought Hannibal evidence that Chilton had helped Will's pa get into the coronation, there was also evidence that he may have paid him as well, but it couldn't be fully proven.

Hannibal had Chilton arrested and held during the investigation, it was a good thing too. The guards arrived just as Chilton tried to run.

As Will healed, Hannibal would read books with him, tutoring him in different royal duties, helping him learn what the advisors would try to sneak past him.

How they would try to use him as well, use his ignorance against him, or turn him against Hannibal and try to manipulate him.

Simonetta also came to see Will, giving him her own advice as an omega, how to deal with stubborn alphas as well as any betas who thought they could get something from the 'sweet omega'.

One morning, Hannibal said, "Chilton's trial is today, I may be gone for a while."

Will sat up, "D-do you want me to come?"

Hannibal smiled gently, "It's alright, Will. You need your rest."

Will sighed and lay back again, "Alright..."

Hannibal left, but then Simonetta came in with a smile, turning the large television on and tuning into the trial security feed. She winked, tossing Will the remote and hurried out again.

Will was hesitant a moment, wondering if watching was a good idea or not, but then Chilton was led in and Will turned it up.

Chilton was snarling and hissing threats and commands at the impartial faced guards that led him to the judging booth, locking his chains into hooks on the floor and the hand railing.

Hannibal stood at the front, Simonetta behind him as if she hadn't just been there helping Will eavesdrop.

"Fredrick Chilton," Hannibal said, "you have been charged with conspiracy to commit murder, an attempted coup, and several counts of blackmail. Have you any defense?"

Chilton snarled, "If you had just accepted the path we had laid out, it would have been perfect! But you had to- to ruin it!" He looked around, sneering, "where is the commoner bitch anyways? Run away already?"

Hannibal's lips tightened slightly before he answered, "My *mate* is resting, I did not need him exposed to the stress of a trial. Have you any defense, Chilton."

Chilton grinned in a way that made Will shudder, *something wasn't right... what was Chilton up to?*

"Why must I defend myself? I have done nothing but serve the betterment of the kingdom, it is **YOU** who are guilty... *prince* Hannibal, you should have accepted the omegas we guided to you and left the *commoners* to-" Chilton stopped short before continuing, "You ruined everything with your silly fairy tales!"

Will blinked, his mind clicked the pieces together, Chilton had been at the Mating Ball! He had been one of the ones that had been so interested in him! Him and-

A scuffling sound outside on the balcony grabbed Will's attention, he moved over slowly, peeking down to see the dark skinned alpha from the ball climbing a rope that was attached to the roof above towards the balcony.

Will backed up quickly, he knew that the man was coming to kill him, he had to act fast, grabbing a halberd from a suit of armor, sliding it behind the armor and behind a bookshelf on the other side, then he grabbed the heaviest thing he could lift with his still healing side and hid on the other side of the armor.

The man reached the balcony, seeing what seemed to be an empty room, he moved forward, probably less carefully than he might have otherwise, his foot catching on the halberd handle and going down, along with the armor, with a loud **CRASH!** Will dashed forward, his weapon raised.

Hannibal suppressed a growl, he knew Chilton was attempting to goad him into a brash action and force a mistrial. Taking a slow breath, Hannibal said, "If you have no defense, then the evidence shall be presented, starting with-"

Chilton pulled fiercely at his chains, snarling, "You'll come *crawling* back to me for help! Without me, this kingdom will go to shit! You with it!" He grinned manically, "Well, one of you, anyways."

Hannibal's eyes widened slightly, 'Will!' He turned, "Guards, check my quarters quickly, make certain that-"

The room's door was kicked open and Will moved in, dragging the still figure of Tobias Budge on a blanket behind him.

"Impossible!" Chilton all but screamed, "You should be **DEAD!**"

Will sighed, dropping the blanket, "I was a beta for years, I can take care of myself, especially when you send someone who can't even fight back..." he looked at the guards, "I hit him pretty hard, might wanna check him..." he moved over to stand beside Hannibal with a soft smile.

Hannibal thought that he should be worried... or upset or something, but all he felt was pride and wonder at his true mate.

Simonetta beamed at Will, taking his hand and giving it a squeeze.

Chilton was screaming and ranting as the guards, not taking Budge's limp form away, restrained him, "This is **not** the end!" He shrieked, "I will destroy you! This kingdom is **mine!**"

Will moved closer to Hannibal "Hannibal... I don't think... your father's death was natural causes..."

Hannibal looked at Will, surprised, "How can you be certain?"

Will looked at Chilton again, "I'm really good at... seeing things... that's why Jack kept pulling me from my teaching, I found the killer's he couldn't..." he pointed at Chilton, who snarled threateningly, "He has definitely killed..."

Hannibal looked at Chilton, frowning slightly, "Take him back to the cells," he told the guards, "it seems there is more to uncover than we thought."

Chilton's face paled slightly, though he quickly tried to struggle free, snarling and yelling curses at them.

Hannibal stepped slightly in front of Will, watching Chilton with fierce eyes.

The guards held firm however, and Chilton was dragged away again.

Will moved closer to Hannibal, his shoulders relaxing near his mate.

Hannibal wrapped an arm around him, purring soothingly.

Will smiled weakly, "I never thought I'd have this..." he murmured softly, "Love... I mean..."

Hannibal chuckled softly, "Get used to it, Will Graham. I intend to shower you with it for the rest of my days."

Chapter End Notes

I've hit a severe writer's block wall on this one, so I will be calling this one complete for the moment and if I manage to get going again, I'll continue. ♥

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